

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, November 19, 1803.

[No. 49.

WILLIAM AND MARY.

(Continued from page 379.)

In my next letter to my cousin, which, indeed, had long remained due on my part, I explained the misery of my situation in general terms; but concealed the immediate cause. By the very next post I received his answer in glowing language of unalterable love; and conjuring me to make him my confidant in what seemed to hang so heavy on my heart. He assured me that all the happiness of his life centered in me; and that nothing but indispensable engagements could have prevented him so long from seeing me, and telling me in person what the deep interest he felt in my welfare now drew from his pen.

To my parents I immediately communicated this welcome letter, which I had the felicity to find was not displeasing to them: and though my father, with that prudence which is natural to advanced age and long experience, could not help expatiating in the superior prospects of a comfortable settlement with my other suitor, he disclaimed all thoughts of forcing my inclination, or blessing my judgment.

In a short time cousin William paid us a second visit, and avowed himself in form. He had lately received an ad-

vance of salary, as a reward for his assiduity and care; and flattered himself that, with prudent economy, he should soon be able to maintain the object of his fondest affection with decency and ease. My parents listened to his artless tale, and declared their readiness to leave me to act in this important affair as my heart inclined; but, added my father, London is an expensive place, I am told; and Mary has not been used to any business that will qualify her to assist you there.

In company with my William, I made several little excursions in the neighborhood, and every hour was more and more charmed with his sentiments and manners. He had won my heart, almost before I knew that I had one to love; and such attachments generally are the most durable and pure. My neighbors envied me for being noticed by such a well-dressed man; and my parents also seemed proud of having their daughter distinguished beyond those of the same rank and expectations. Every thing went on smoothly and delightfully during the few weeks which my beloved William staid with us; but being called to town sooner than he expected by the illness of his master, I anticipated I know not what, though I entertained no doubt of the constancy of his love.

Many days elapsed before I had the pleasure of hearing from him; during

which I counted the hours. At last a letter, sealed with black, arrived. It was brief: but it informed me his master was dead; and that he had left him a legacy of £100 which was but a poor consolation for the loss of an excellent man, and a good place. I was strangely affected at this news; but I had not long to indulge in distant grief and chimerical fears. My dear father, in returning from the weekly market which he attended a few days after, was thrown from his horse; and so dreadfully bruised, that, though, by the benevolent attention of some persons who were passing the same way, he reached home alive, he never spoke again; and his distracted family could only witness his last agonies, and mix their groans with his. At the contemplation of this awful catastrophe, my heart still sinks—my eyes overflow. In time, I forgot every other passion, except grief and filial regard, both for the dead and for the living. I endeavored to console my unhappy mother by every art I possessed; but, God knows! I wanted that consolation myself which I was anxious to administer to her. The loss of a parent, even by a gradual decay, and from the common course of nature, is one of the most trying circumstances which a dutiful child can know; and how much was my calamity aggravated by the reflection on the manner and the season when my affectionate father met his end!

The lenient hand of time, however,

and the hopes of meeting again in a better world, gradually restored me to some degree of composure, in which I was assisted by the deep and cordial regard which my William continued to display, from the moment that he had heard of our loss. His letters, indeed, breathed all the advice of affection; and though a new engagement, into which he entered, prevented his visiting the country for a time, scarcely a week past but I heard from him, and advised with him in regard to our little farm, which my mother and I could neither manage to advantage; nor were we willing to resign it, till we could determine on our future destination.

In a few months, however, after our melancholy privation, William embracing the first possible opportunity of seeing us, became our guest; and having obtained my mother's consent, it was settled, that our property was to be sold off, and that she was to accompany us to London, while I was to be his for ever. It was agreed on likewise, that my mother was to live with us, till something more eligible should occur; and, as I had thus the satisfaction to find that I was to be blest with the society of the only two persons in the world for whom I felt a more than ordinary regard, my consent to the plan was not long withheld.

Suffice it to say, that on the sale of our effects, and converting every thing into money, the produce amounted to little more than £350. Fifty pounds were applied by my kind and indulgent mother to assist in furnishing our apartments; and the rest of our little fortune, by the express desire of William, was laid out in the funds in the name of trustees; the interest to be for the use of my mother during life, and the principal to revert to me and mine.

Matters being thus arranged, I gave my dear William my hand, and with it my heart, at the parish church where I was born; and in a short time after, we set out for London. I could not leave the scene of my early days, the objects and the persons that had been endeared to me by long recollection, without a pang and a tear; but the idea of London, with the society of a husband and a mother whom I tenderly loved, soon reconciled me to the change; and I arrived at the metropolis, full of all that ardent hope which young and inexperienced

minds so easily indulge. The beauty of the buildings, the spaciousness of the streets, the splendor of equipage, the appearance of wealth, and the bustle of business and of pleasure, all conspired to make me consider London as a terrestrial paradise, compared with the calm and unostentatious scenes I had left behind.

I found the lodgings which had been provided for us, agreeable and convenient enough: but though I used all possible economy, and labored, as well as my mother, to save whatever could be saved, it was not long before I was sensible that my husband's income would not allow us even those comforts we had enjoyed in the country, much less to participate in those pleasures which we saw profusely spread around us. I soon learned that London unites the two extremes of wealth and wretchedness; that the rich were generally profuse without generosity, and pursuers of pleasure without a relish for enjoyment; while the poor and the unhappy were neglected in the midst of a crowd, and strangers even to their next neighbors. I found that wealth was more esteemed than virtue; and that without connection, or some means of being known, a person might literally starve amidst abundance, and want the most common necessities of life, though apparently ready to touch his lips.

My William, who was all kindness, prevailed on me and my mother to visit, at intervals, every place of amusement, which gratified me to the full; but, after seeing plays, and shows and gardens, once, I resolved not to diminish our slender finances by a repetition of expences, but to content myself with those public walks and exhibitions, which were to be seen without money, and therefore may be enjoyed without incurring censure, or awakening regret. My mother encouraged my laudable attention to the interests of my husband, which surely were also my own; and though he was not of a disposition to grudge what circumstances would allow him to spend, or his honest industry could procure, he appeared pleased with my prudence, and acquiesced in my resolves.

Within less than a year after I came to London, our family was increased by the birth of a son, whom I nursed with the fondest care; and in consequence, felt my attachment to domestic duties

strengthened by the tie. My mother too, being naturally of an industrious habit, and used to labor all her life, assisted me in every possible way; but, except in managing our little family affairs to the best advantage, and in providing with our own hands whatever we had opportunity and abilities to execute, we had no practicable means of eking out a slender income, by our diligence and application. This vexed me extremely: and, without saying a word on the subject to my husband, I often tortured my imagination, in order to invent or discover some new mode of rendering myself more useful, and my labors more productive. I frequently conceived the idea of engaging in some kind of trade; but our situation was not favorable for opening a shop; and besides, we wanted money to stock it.

During this period of hesitation and suspense, I observed with sorrow inexpressible, that my dear William daily became more pensive and thoughtful; and though his attention and endearments to his family were not in the least abated, it was evident he was unhappy. A thousand times I conjured him, by the love he had ever shown me, to let me into the cause of his uneasiness; but he always put me off with a smile, and assured me that it was fancy alone that made me suspect he was ill at ease. I could not help, however, guessing at the cause. I knew his income; I knew likewise that he saved every shilling that was decently in his power to do: but the growing expences of the family co-operating with the pressure of the times, I was sure must eventually involve him in debt, if he was not so already; and this reflection embittered every moment when I was alone. I could not help, likewise, considering myself as accessory to his embarrassments. While single, he had enough to maintain himself with decency; but by marrying me, his expenditure of necessity was increased. He was the last man in the world who would have even hinted at this; but my generosity was not less than his own; and as our destiny was one and the same, I thought it incumbent on me, by every law of honor and morality, to assist his endeavors, and to extricate him from his difficulties.

While I was one day chusing, and the next rejecting, the part I ought to act, it happened that we took a walk,

one evening, to one of the numerous villages in the vicinity of town; and as we passed a neat, pleasant, small house, I observed a board put up, signifying that the good will of a day-school for children under six years of age, was to be parted with, on moderate terms, and directing to apply on the premises.—Immediately it struck me that this was a situation for which I was qualified both by temper and inclination: but I took no farther notice, than merely to praise the house, and the village where it was situate, which I found would be compatible with my William's engagements in town. Next day, however, I determined, when my husband was engaged at the counting-house, to make farther enquiries; but, before I could carry my design into execution, I had the grief to discover, that my husband had been arrested for a small debt, contracted on account of his family, and that it was only by the kindness and liberality of his master, that he was saved from a prison. This filled me with horror; and communicating my intentions to my mother only, I resolved to obtain immediate information as to the terms of the school I had observed was to be relinquished. The sum for coming in was 50l. which my mother induced her trustees to advance. A bargain was almost struck before my dear husband was apprised of my design; and when I acquainted him with what we had been doing, and adjured him not to oppose me, he could only say, "You are too good, Mary!" and burst into tears.

To make short, his master approved of our honest zeal to be independent, and sent two of his own children to my little seminary at its first opening. This gave me at once some degree of reputation, and was the means of fixing the former patrons of the institution, and of procuring more. I took delight, as a mother, in seeing the children of other mothers happy; and though I met with various difficulties at first, by degrees I surmounted them all.

In ten years time, I produced too more boys, and as many girls; and my husband's salary being advanced, on account of his long and faithful services, we not only lived in comfort, but were making rapid advances to a moderate independence; when my dear William, who had ever proved the best and most tender of husbands, falling into a decline, in a few weeks sunk into an untimely

grave. Gracious God! what I suffered!—what I suffer even now, as my pen records the indelible impression on my heart! But I had children to animate me; I had duties of such magnitude to perform, that I dared not give way to despair. The Father of the fatherless, and the Husband of the widow, in his good providence, raised me up new friends: while my diligence had won the firm regard of my old connections; and, after many years of toil in my humble but useful vocation, I had the happiness to see all my children brought up, and eligibly settled in life, and to be able to retire myself with a fortune fully equal to my desires, and beyond my most sanguine hopes.

From my story, let honest and industrious poverty learn, that there are various ways of turning the most slender talents to advantage; and that, barring those reverses against which it is impossible for human prudence to arm, there are few situations which may not be improved, by well-directed and persevering application.

MARY M.—

Selected Biography.

HON. WM. MONTAGUE.

THE hon. William Montague was the second son of Edward Richard, Viscount Hinchinbrooke, who was eldest son to Edward, third Earl of Sandwich. Having betaken himself to the sea-service, he was appointed a lieutenant in the navy, under captain Long. This gentleman observing in him a too gallant spirit, which at times rose to an appearance rather romantic for a moderate and prudent man to display, distinguished him on all occasions, by the familiar appellation of his *dragon*. He was successively promoted to be captain of the *Mermaid*, the *Prince Edward*, and the *Bristol*. Hitherto, he does not appear to have had any opportunity of manifesting that natural intrepidity which all who knew him, admit him to have possessed; but in the following year, he commanded the *Bristol*, as indeed he continued to do during the remainder of the war: he was present with Mr. Anson at the defeat and capture of De la Jonquiere's squadron, and

contributed all that was possible for him towards the success then obtained. He afterwards, on the 27th of February 1747, captured a very valuable French Register ship, having on board 360,000 dollars, besides a valuable cargo of cochineal, cocoa, and other commodities. He was snatched from the service at a very early period of his life, on the 10th of February, 1757. The whimsical eccentricities which pervaded the general conduct of this gentleman, procured him, both in and out of the service, the familiar appellation of *Mad Montague*. Some of these anecdotes are almost too extravagant for belief, one or two of which we shall venture to relate. In coming up the channel, during the time he commanded the *Bristol*, he fell in with a very numerous fleet of outward bound Dutch merchantmen. He fired at several, in order to compel them to bring to, a measure authorised by custom and his general instructions. The Dutch aided by a fair wind, hoped by its assistance to escape the disagreeable delay of being searched or overhauled, and held on their way. Capt. Montague pursued, but, on overtaking them, took no other satisfaction than that of manning and sending out his two cutters, with a carpenter's mate in each, ordering them to cut off twelve of the ugliest heads they could find in the whole fleet, from among those with which they are accustomed to ornament the extremity of their rudders. When those were brought on board, he caused them to be disposed on brackets round his cabin, contrasting them in the most ludicrous manner his vein of humor could invent, and writing under them the names of the Twelve Cæsars. Another anecdote is, that being once at Lisbon, and having got into a night affray with the people on shore, he received in the scuffle what is usually termed a black-eye. On the following day, previous to his going on shore, he compelled each of his boats crew, to black, with cork, one of their eyes, so as to resemble a natural injury; the starboard rowers the right eye, the larboard rowers the left, and the Cockswain both; the whimsical effect may be easily conceived. When under the orders of Sir Edward Hawke, in 1755, he solicited permission to repair to town. The admiral informed him, that "the complexion of affairs were so serious, that he could not grant him leave to go farther from his ship than his barge could carry him". Mr. Montague is said to have

immediately repaired to Portsmouth, where he gave orders for the construction of a carriage on trucks, to be drawn with horses, on which he meant to row his barge; having previously stored it with provisions and necessaries requisite for three days, to proceed to London. Having lashed it to the carriage, the crew was instructed to imitate the action of rowing with the same solemnity as if they had actually been coming into the harbor from Spithead. Sir Edward, it is said, received intelligence of his intention soon after the boat and its contents were landed, and immediately sent him his permission to proceed to London in whatever manner he thought proper. A variety of well authenticated anecdotes equally ludicrous might be adduced, but the foregoing specimen might perhaps be deemed sufficient.

THE FRENCH SWIMMER.

AMONG the Parisian refugees who lately came to Dieppe, in their way to England, was Monsieur D—, who arrived at the above port late in the evening, and finding the packet would not sail until early the ensuing morning he sent his trunk on board, and retired to rest at his inn, with a promise from the captain that he should be called previous to the sailing of the vessel. In the hurry, however, poor Mr. D—, was forgotten, and the packet of course got under way without him. It was daylight before he awoke, when, on enquiry, he found, to his inexpressible mortification, that she had put to sea full three hours. He ran immediately to the beach, but the extreme thick fog which prevailed, utterly prevented his even obtaining a transient glimpse of her sails. Notwithstanding it rained in a most violent degree, a waterman undertook, for an additional reward, to follow the packet; about two leagues distance from Dieppe the boat came along side of her, and poor Monsieur D— immediately got on board, completely wet to the skin, as if he had been ducked.

The captain on seeing him enter the cabin was thunderstruck with his appearance, and requested to know how in the name of wonder he came from land? Monsieur D— insisted that he swam on board, and showed his wet cloaths in proof of his assertion. The captain in vain attempted to discover the boat,

which was returning, on account of the fog which still continued. After complimenting his passenger on his extraordinary abilities as a wonderful swimmer, he waved taking the sum agreed on for his passage, and in due time they landed at Brighton. The following day the captain dining with a party of gentlemen, the conversation happened to turn on swimming, and one of the company offered a bet of two hundred guineas that he had a servant would beat any man in England at that exercise; the wager was immediately accepted by the commander of the packet, who went in search of Monsieur D—. He started at the proposal, conscious that he could not take a single stroke: understanding, however, that it was play or pay, and that if he succeeded he should have one hundred guineas for himself, he consented and the following morning, at five o'clock, was fixed for trial of skill. All parties were at the place by the appointed time, except Monsieur D—. After waiting some minutes they observed him striding towards them in an enormous pair of fisherman's boots, drawn close round his thighs, a large oil skin great-coat, strapped about his waist, and his hat tied under his chin with a silk handkerchief, and under his right arm he carried a small box. On their desiring him to draw off his boots and undress, he replied, Veritable me will not, I do alvaise take de long journee in de boots and des habit. The devil you do! exclaimed his opponent—Let him alone (replied the captain of the packet) I have been a witness of what he can perform.—But surely you do not mean to swim with the box too?—Begar but me do, was the answer, vat you take me for one great fool, to swim all de way from Brighton to Dieppe, without eat or drink, and opening the box discovered, to the no small amazement of all present, a cold roasted chicken, a pint of wine and a French roll. On seeing this his opponent positively declined the contest, swearing, that he could be no man, but the devil himself in disguise, and if he ventured would certainly drown him.

Persons are sometimes ruffled into passion at trifles, who are calm on much more important occasions; because perhaps they do not deem the occasion worthy of their philosophy, or have not time to call it forth.

EXTRACT

From the writings of a celebrated essayist.

—“I WAS struck at a gentleman's saying of an acquaintance of his, that he had no *soul*—no *spunk* in him. Tho' I had no precise knowledge of the word *spunk*, yet I considered it as a term of indignity, and made some enquiries after the unfortunate object to whom it was applied. But guess at my additional surprise, when I found that he was a prudent, careful and worthy man; and that the only reason the other had for annihilating his *thinking parts* was, his having had so much thought and consideration, as to prefer staying at home with his wife and family, to making one of a riotous party who proposed visiting ***** On a number of questions, which from time to time I have proposed on this subject, I find the following are the strongest discriminating characteristics between

The man who has a soul, &c. The man who has no soul.

One who is extravagant and exceeds the bounds of his income, under the idea of spirit and generosity.	One who lives on a prudent plan, and brings his expences within the limits of his fortune, under the idea of living to-day, as he can live to-morrow.
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One who is proud of discharging all debts of honor, and evades the payment of all others.	One who never contracts any debts of honor, and is careful to discharge all others.
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One who swears and drinks to an immoderate degree.	One who drinks no more than will do him good, and swears none at all.
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One who will debauch his friend's wife, or prostitute his own, and run any man thro, who calls his honor in question.	One who shudders at the idea of seduction or prostitution, and would rather be stigmatized for a coward by men than be judged a murderer by God.
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One who calls the admonitions of conscience the palsy of the soul.	One who regards the dictates of conscience as the voice of Heaven.
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One who laughs at hell.	One who lives so as not to fear hell.
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The contrast may be extended to a much greater length, and each definition be shown properly to belong to the opposite character, if words retained their usual signification in the English language.

THREE LETTERS,

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON THE PROPER EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

LETTER I.

RIGHTLY to apportion your time is of the greatest moment to your happiness. Your desiring information on this head pleases me much, though, indeed, I do not think you stand in need of it; however, I will express myself as if you did, that I may give my meaning more clear, and to the purpose.

I cannot enter minutely into particulars; those must occur to yourself, as circumstances, times, and occasions fall out.—I shall only observe some general things, and explain and illustrate them to you in the best manner I can.

First, then, in order to employ time well, to lay it out to purpose, and in due proportions, it must be supposed that you have time in your possession. The question then is, how to purchase a sufficient quantum or measure of time. This is not so hard for you, now, at least, as for many people, whose time belongs to others, not to themselves; who perhaps are masters or mistresses of families, who have warehouses or shops to look after, or some other charge, that requires great portions of their time. Be that as it may, a certain stock of time is necessary for business, for improvement, and for all the other necessary functions of life; eating, drinking, sleeping, and even recreation and diversion; for these are necessary too; but always in order to qualify us for some better and more important purposes, and are to be used as means to attain some end we aim at, and not as the things themselves.

Now, then, are we to purchase this stock of Time?—Without this by us, our time, however judiciously distributed, will not answer. For example, if I have but a crown to go to market with, and must necessarily have things to the value of a guinea, let me lay out my money ever so prudently, it will not serve my purpose. Herein is evinced the vast necessity of purchasing as great a fund of time as we can.

To this purpose I know no one particular thing so conducive as rising early. We then have the whole day before us, can drag in time, breakfast in time, go abroad or stay at home, as affairs demand; if the former, we are sure of meeting people at the ordinary hours of meals, business or diversion: beside, the mind is more fresh, active and

strong, to apply to study, or any other employment that requires us.

"An hour in the morning is worth three in the afternoon" is a common proverb, and I never knew a truer. The light, heat, and air of the day is much more healthy and chearful than the cold, dark, damps and inconveniency of the night. The brute creation teaches us this: the dumb creatures retire early to rest, and get up betimes, to busy themselves in quest of food, or in bringing forth or training up their young, or in providing for the winter. Nature instructs them that the light and warmth of the sun make that the time of business; but if we sit up in the dead, and damps, and darkness of the night, exposed to the vapors of that unwholesome season, we must lie late, and thereby lose great part of the proper time for business or study; we must breakfast when others dine, dine when others sup, and sup when they sleep; so that our time is, as I may say, quite disjointed, and can never hit or square with the times of business, meals or visits of other people. By these irregularities every thing goes to disorder and confusion; and, beside the loss of so much time (and that the proper time) the indolence and inactivity that late sitting up and late lying in bed creates, renders us quite unfit and unapt for making use of the residue of time left for action.

Would not a merchant be laughed at for a fool or madman, who should loiter away his time till the exchange were shut; a minister, till the time of divine service were past; a lawyer, till the courts were up; or a physician, till the patient were past recovery or dead? It is just as ridiculous and foolish in us to mistime the common affairs and business of life. Solomon, I think, says—"The slothful man ploweth in harvest;" meaning, that he mistimes his affairs, and neglects to sow his grain till others are going to reap their's.

Another means of purchasing time is, when we foresee a crowd of things coming upon us together, and that we shall be hurried, to steal some time before hand if we can, to do some part of it, or block it, as we say, and prepare it so that it may become more easy and light.

I have a great number of affairs to do to-morrow; I foresaw them yesterday; I therefore chose to let Mr. L.—make a visit then. I seized the time I had yesterday afternoon to myself. I have written several letters, which are not to go till to-morrow; have put my papers

in order, and made a beginning, in having dispatched all preparatory work. I only mention this, to illustrate to you what I mean.

[To be continued.]

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

A FRAGMENT.

HAVE pity on a wretched orphan," was the cry of a young girl, who by her appearance, seemed to have moved in a higher circle than the one I beheld her; the tears trickling down her care-worn cheeks, and her bosom heaving with sighs, that seemed to rend the heart from whence they came, as she addressed a beautiful young creature, whose eye glistened with the drop of humanity as she surveyed her. My sensibility induced me to draw nearer, for the purpose of hearing their discourse.

"Have you no friends?" was the question. "Alas! Madam, I had a father, who fell in the battles of his country. I was brought up from my infancy with the tenderest care. This shock overwhelmed us. The affliction of my mother at the dreadful news, is impossible to describe; nature could not stand the blow; like a drooping lily, she withered, and died. Oh! Madam, had you seen her on her death-bed, what tender anxiety she expressed towards me, with what a degree of affection she pressed me to her throbbing heart—Alas! that heart will never beat more—while her last expiring look was bent towards heaven, as she clasped me in her arms, as if she seemed to supplicate the divine Being to protect me.—Ah! now she's gone. Our little all was seized by merciless creditors; and friendless and unprotected, I'm doomed to wander, a prey to misery and fatigue."

With a countenance that beamed humanity and gentleness, while the pearly drops of sensibility ran down her "dew-drops," she relieved the distresses of the wretched girl; whilst the humble mendicant, with difficulty, articulated, "God bless you," in such a tender, melancholy, impressive tone, that immediately spoke to the feelings. "God bless you," seemed to be borne on every breeze. 'Tis impossible to describe how affected I was. Suffice it to say, I did what a man of humanity and honor ought to do. She is now in a place, secure from every evil.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, November 19, 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 28 persons during the week ending on the 12th inst.

Consumption 4—whooping cough 1—chin-cough 1—old age 1—convulsions 1—hives 1—scarlet fever 1—intermittent fever 1—nervous fever 1—malignant fever 1—small pox 1—dysentery 1—fits 2—teething 2—dropsy 1—drowned 1—diseases not mentioned 7.

Of this number 16 were adults and 12 children.

Extract of a Letter from a gentleman in Bedford, to his friend in Lycoming county, dated October 14.

"The attention of the people of this place has been of late directed to a Sulphur and Chalybeate Spring, discovered in this neighborhood. The cures which it has performed, on some, are really surprising. Persons who have been brought here in waggons, have walked away after using the waters for 2 or 3 days. Three days use of them effect a cure. To my own knowledge, some persons in this place, who, when I came here, were unable to stir, are now in perfect health, from the use of this Spring.

"It is expected there will be a great number of people here next spring, as some pains will be taken to give information concerning the efficacy of these waters."

John Baptist Aveille, of Charleston, S. C. has obtained a patent for a machine for boring holes in rocks under water, to the depth of 10 or more feet, or in any other situation, and blowing and completely removing them. "With the labor of two men it will execute more in one day than 50 men without it.—The men are not compelled to go into the water, and therefore it can be used in winter as well as summer."

The above person has also invented a Horizontal Windmill, adapted to the grinding of grain, &c. &c.

Extract of a letter from a French gentleman of respectability to his friend in this city, dated

New Orleans, Oct. 1st, 1803.

"I have been assured by the marquis Casa Calvo, that the Americans will take possession of New-Orleans and Louisiana in all November, and that they are to enter this place with a considerable force. There are to be very great public rejoicings on the occasion in this city."

By a late arrival from Cape-Francois it appears that the inhabitants are in a state of starvation—that Gen. Rochambeau was there with 5000 men—that flour was \$80 per barrel, and scarcely a barrel to be had, and that Frenchmen and Americans were leaving it with all possible expedition. The English still continued the blockade, and the brigands were close upon the town. The general opinion was, that Rochambeau could hold out but a few days longer.

From a London paper, of Sept. 29.

INVASION.

The important crisis is rapidly approaching. It is most honorable to the national character that we can announce this without creating in any part of the country the slightest dismay. Upon the funds indeed a considerable impression has been made. This fall is attributed to an opinion said to have been expressed by very high authority at the Commander in Chief's levee, that an invasion might be expected at no remote period. We have every reason to believe that the attempt will be made very shortly. Bonaparte, it is rumored, has arrived at St. Omer's, to superintend the preparations, and give the necessary orders for embarking the troops. The attempt is expected to be a simultaneous one from all the ports of Holland, Flanders, and France, between the mouth of the Scheldt and Brest. It has been calculated, upon what data we know

not, that there are in those ports between 5 and 6000 gun boats, flat bottomed and other vessels capable of carrying between 40 and 50,000 men. The decree for excluding neutrals has been carried into such rigorous execution, and the blockade of the French coast has been so strict, that we have received no later news from France than the 9th, and we are totally ignorant of any event that has occurred in the capital of France, or in the departments since that period. But it is known that French troops have been defiling to the Flemish and French coast for the last six weeks. Our cruisers occasionally go near enough to see the encampments on shore. And including the French troops in Holland, which have been stated at 50,000, we may fairly suppose that along the line of coast which extends from the Scheldt to Havre, there are between 80, and 100,000 men. Bonaparte would find no obstacle with respect to the assembling of a large military force—his great difficulty would be in building and equipping the gun and flat bottomed boats. Dunkirk and Ostend are the grand depots. Dunkirk contains the greatest number. The following is said to be the amount in each of the following ports:

Dunkirk,	160
Ostend,	150
Boulogne,	50
Calais,	50
Dieppe, Fecamp and Blackenberg,	30
Flushing and the West Scheldt,	50
East Scheldt, Goree, Helvoetsluys, and the mouth of the Maese,	60

It must be obvious to every one, that we cannot pledge ourselves for the accuracy of the foregoing statement. The Ostend boats are said to be in complete readiness, and as we have already mentioned, rumor states that 150 of them, with troops on board, are expected to come out next tide. Whether the boats in the other ports are in a state of equal preparation we know not. Our cruisers are on the alert, and the whole of the French coast is most narrowly watched.

It is said that Bonaparte's determination to attempt an invasion has been quickened by our recent attacks upon the French coast, and by the havoc we have made among the gun boats. He wishes, it is supposed, to make the attempt immediately, feeling, that if he delays it much longer, we shall have destroyed the major part of that flotilla which is to convoy the troops.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

She wou'd and she wou'd not, a Comedy, by Cibber—*not*, *Ways and Means*, a Farce, by Colman, the younger.

It is with much pleasure that we again commence our review of Theatrical Exhibitions with remarking the very great satisfaction evinced by a numerous audience at the opening of the House for the Season.

Many were the arts and strenuous the efforts of interested, jealous and discontented individuals, to prejudice the public against the present Company and Management, but merit will have in this instance one additional fact for her encouragement—the public cannot be blinded—when pleased it always rewards.

The very excellent Comedy of, "She wou'd and she wou'd not," was played last season with much success, and we can safely say that it has lost nothing by the alterations which have taken place in its cast.

Mr. Harwood made his first appearance on our stage in the character of *Trappanti*. The choice was truly a happy one. We have seen but one *Trappanti* before Mr. Harwood's, and we hesitate not to give his the preference. There is a rich and at the same time chaste vein of humor running through this gentleman's performance, which we do not remember to have seen equalled. Never performer possess'd a countenance at once so prepossessing and so capable of comic expression. We congratulate ourselves and the public on the acquisition of a mine of dramatic treasure—native gold, which has pass'd through the Mint of Art, and bears the impression of Genius.

Every part of the Comedy was supported with ability; some of the characters with more skill than on a former representation. Mr. Tyler's *Don Philip* was uncommonly correct, spirited and well dressed.

Mr. Johnson played *Don Manuel* for the first time, and left his audience nothing to wish. His performance was relished in a degree as high as any thing of the kind we ever witnessed.

The short part of *Soto* was admirably sustained by Mr. Hallam.

Hypolita was represented by Thalia's favorite. Never did we see Mrs. Johnson more charming or more spirited.

Nor must we omit to notice the increasing excellence of a young lady who, as she increases in stature grows rapidly in the favor of the audience. Miss Hogg in *Flora*, attended as no ill-suited companion to the eccentric *Fryfolia*.

In the Farce of "Ways and Means," Mr. Harwood by his performance of *Sir David Dunder* proved his versatility and added to the great credit for humor which he had acquired in *Trappanti*.

Mrs. Hallam was very pleasing in *Kitty*—but of the remainder of this piece we defer speaking until a second representation.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 16.

Clandestine Marriage—and, *Poor Soldier*, O'Keefe.

Mr. Harwood's performance of *Canton* was such as to confirm us in our opinion of the versatility of his genius.

A new performer engaged our notice in the after-piece, as *Patrick*, the poor soldier: his voice is sonorous, his singing strictly musical: but *Patrick* was a poor soldier indeed, he needs some drilling before he will be fit for the service.



Married,

On Thursday evening last week, Dr. Michael Degray, to Miss Hannah Blackburn, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Alexander Kirkpatrick, merchant, to Miss Mary Carmer, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Carmer, all of this city.

On Sunday evening, Mr. William Watkins, to Miss Martha Way, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. George Scott, merchant, of this city, to Miss Rebecca Bowers, daughter of the late Henry Bowers, esq.

Died,

At Hallett's Cove, on Sunday evening, Mr. John D. Mercer.

On Thursday morning last week, Mrs. Tripler, aged 33, wife of Mr. Thomas Tripler, of the house of Backus & Tripler.

On Saturday last, Mr. Edmund Roberts, sub-clerk to the Justices court.

WHAITES & CHARTERS,

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church, Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

E. WOOFFENDALE,

MILLENER AND MANTAU-MAKER,

No. 154, Broadway,

Has received a handsome assortment of Millinery from London; she has also on hand a quantity of fashionable white straw Bonnets, several boxes of beautiful Flowers to dispose of, either by wholesale or retail.

FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual, in the neatest stile of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-street.

AN APPRENTICE
WANTED BY MING AND YOUNG

Also a Journeyman.

JAMES EVERDELL,

Professor of music, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed to No. 90, Chamber-street, and that he continues to give instructions (at home and abroad) on all kinds of string and wind instruments.

Theatre.

On Monday evening, November 21st,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

(1st time in this city) the uncommonly celebrated Comedy of

JOHN BULL,

Or, An ENGLISHMAN'S FIRESIDE

Written by G. COLMAN, the younger.

THE ORIGINAL EPILOGUE

To be sung by Mr. HARWOOD.

To which will be added,

A Comedy, in 2 acts, called,

WAYS AND MEANS.



FROM THE BOSTON GAZETTE.

Addressed to the editors.

The following Ode came to my hands a few days since, and, though it may be rather out of season, I send it to you for publication, if you think it worthy a place in your Gazette. It was written by my friend Sam. Sentry, formerly a Subaltern in the army, who, while he held that station, enjoyed the smiles of the ladies on the credit of his military dress; but not having the honor of a duel to support his character, since he was disbanded, he finds all elbows pointed against him, and has determined to point his pen in his own defence.

He is at present employed in writing "The Musliniad," a didactic poem; in which he affirms that Muslins are highly prejudicial to the Health, the Morals, and the Imagination. He has chosen the following motto, which is very well suited to his transparent subject.

"Let not each beauty every where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide." POPE.

WM. LOOK-OUT.

O D E

To a detachment from a gown sleeve, dismissed from the main body by GENERAL FASHION, till further orders.

HAIL, shred of muslin with nice dowels fin'd,
Which once enclos'd Maria's lovely arms;
And kept the hint of her fair elbow warm;
How much am I delighted thus to find,
Encamp'd midst rags, incapable of harm,
The shred, which guarded from my touch, each
And shielded from the light, [charm,
Each beauty, which now courts my view,
Bedeck'd with spots of livid hue,
That captivate the sight.

No more shalt thou conceal those supple joints,
No more improve the softness of their points, [heat:
Nor guard them from the wind with temperate
They, proud of weather-beaten charms, shall soar
Above the beauties of the face,
And softness, deem'd their praise before,
Shall turn to their disgrace;
And should some dog attack them in the street,
As tales have told, for disregarded meat,
In scaly armor ev'ry dog defeat.

No more in henskin waistcoating attir'd,
Let bucks patrolling, lace cloth'd belles pursue;
Nor let the skin of turkeys be admir'd,
Where feathers, rang'd in martial order, grew;
No more let snakes their polish'd covering boast,
Painted with spots of ev'ry beauteous hue,
These are excell'd by arms of ev'ry toast,
When they parade through Cornhill in review;
Maria's arms
Excel their charms,
With scales, and fists of red, and navy blue,
They boast the smooth skin of the turkey too.

In other times, when thou, dear shred, wast worn,
Women, as now the boon of praise desir'd;
But charms unseen then taught the heart to burn,
By fancy made more bright, the more retir'd;
But now, more wise, each belle her charms displays,
Rejects the custom which would have us praise
Imagin'd beauties, which we never saw;
And, more submit to reason, ev'ry grace,
She now o'ershadows with transparent lace,
And fancy'd charms no more our admiration draw.

Thus, worthy remnant, art thou disregarded,
And thus are my past services rewarded.
Economy's the order of the day,
And we must not for our defence prepare,
Lest by our pow'r to keep our foes away,
We tempt them to invade, and thus bring war.
By this economy I lost my station,
As you by Fashion parted from the fair;
For female whims are copy'd by the nation,
Which goes, for prudence sake, with "elbow bare."

PARADOXICAL LINES

To a young Lady remarkably fond of standing near a Fire.

WITH sparkling eyes, in sparkling wine,
I joy when Margaretta's toasted;
Yet would I sooner worlds resign,
Than hear of Margaretta roasted.

Fair Margaretta's muslin train to save
From fire, thro' fire I'd boldly start,
All worldly dangers freely brave,
Yet wish a flame within her heart.

Yes, Margaretta, charming dame,
I'd gladly kindle in thy breast
An unextinguishable flame—
Yet die to save from fire your vest.

MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

J. HEWITT, No. 59 MAIDEN-LANE,

HAS imported by the late arrivals from Europe, elegant Piano Fortes, with or without the additional keys, Guitars, Patent Flutes, Clarinets, Concert and Hunting Horns, Concert Trumpets, Drums, Fifes, Violins and Violin Strings.—Also an assortment of Music for different instruments by the most favorite composers.

Just published the following NEW SONGS, viz:—
A new patriotic Song—"Here's a health to our Sackens, long may he live."
Sail the Moor.

The Convent Ring—and a variety of other new Songs.

Also for sale an elegant assortment of the most fashionable PLATED WARE, consisting of Tea and Coffee-urns, Teapots, Sugar-dishes, Caddleticks, Brackets, Branches, Candelors, Dish-covers, Bread-baskets, &c. and a large assortment of CUTLERY on the lowest terms.



N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hôtel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age; and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

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